

NOTICE--EVERY UMBRELLA

of our manufacture has OUR NAME upon the inside label, and FOX'S Stamp and Trade Mark upon the frame.—DUNKERLEY & FRANKS, 7, Swan Street, New Cross, Manchester.

6
MARKET-STREET,
Royal Exchange,
MANCHESTER.

WORKS: STOCKPORT.

THOMAS & TAYLOR,
LAUNDRY AND DAIRY ENGINEERS.
SEE MARGINS.


16, 18, & 20,
CHAPEL-STREET,
SALFORD.

Vol. II.
No. 95.

CITY

SEPT. 8,
1877.

JACKDAW



OUR
Patent
ECCENTRIC
COMBINED
WASHING,
WRINGING,
AND
Mangling
MACHINES

Do their work remarkably easily and efficiently.

Do not injure the most delicate fabrics, as they are entirely without internal mechanism.

May be worked by a child six years old, when loaded with two blankets or a dozen shirts.

ESTIMATES
AND
PLANS
(Free of Cost)
FOR
FITTING UP
Laundries

Complete,
EITHER FOR STEAM
OR HAND POWER.

SPECIAL
ATTENTION
GIVEN TO
SHIPPING
ORDERS.

OUR
Patent
ECCENTRIC
CHURN

Produces more and better butter than any other churn.

Is marvellously easy to work.

Is very easily cleaned.

Is not liable to get out of order.

AFTER A
SEVERE TRIAL
THIS CHURN
Received the Only
PRIZE
Given for large churns
at the
ROYAL
SOCIETY'S
MEETING,
At Manchester.

Churns always in stock, to make from 1lb. to 440lbs. of butter.

6, Market-st.
Royal Exchange,
MANCHESTER;
16, 18, & 20,
CHAPEL-ST.,
Salford.

W. WHITTER,
CARRIAGE DESIGNER & BUILDER,
SHAKSPERE-STREET CARRIAGE WORKS, ARDWICK,

Has on view a very handsome REVERSIBLE WAGONETTE, to form a Stanhope Phaeton. Also three very handsome DOGCARTS, for single or tandem. For workmanship, build, and design not to be surpassed.

Estimates and warranties given with all kinds of new work.

Awarded PRIZE MEDALS for Improvements in Carriages.

THOMAS ARMSTRONG & BROTHER,
OPTICIANS TO THE ROYAL EYE HOSPITAL,
88 & 90, DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.

SPECTACLES CAREFULLY ADAPTED TO ALL DEFECTS OF VISION.

ARTIFICIAL EYES CAREFULLY FITTED.

Publishing Office, Market-street Chambers, 73a, Market-street, Manchester.

Price One Penny.

ESTABLISHED
116 YEARS.

KENT'S
CELEBRATED
WATCHES.

DEANSGATE.
70

THE CITY JACKDAW.

TO ARCHITECTS, BUILDERS, SHOPKEEPERS,
AND OTHERS.

Athenæum Sun Lights.



A New and Patented method of fixing and ventilating Sun and other Lights with earthenware boxes, pipes, bends, &c., reducing the temperature of the air from the lights to less than one-half, as in the sheet-iron pipes of the present system. Applicable to all rooms—small or large—where gas or other lights are used; fixed to the satisfaction of the Directors of the Insurance Companies. Agents for the Hydro-carbon Gas Light.

We keep a very fine Stock of GAS FITTINGS, Fenders, Coal Vases, Gas and other Stoves, &c. All further information can be obtained at our place of business.

JOHN RIGBY & SON,
PATENTEES,
15, PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

JOHN BOYD & CO.

Wholesale London, Birmingham, Sheffield, and Foreign

FANCY GOODS WAREHOUSEMEN,

Have REMOVED from 17 & 19, Thomas-street, to New
and More Extensive Premises, situated

MASON-STREET, SWAN-STREET,

WHERE AN EARLY VISIT IS SOLICITED.

LLOYD, PAYNE, & AMIEL

Have the Largest Assortment of

DINING AND DRAWING ROOM CLOCKS AND BRONZES,

Suitable for Presentation.

Every Description of Jewellery, 15 & 18 carat Government Stamp.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Chains and Alberts. Cutlery and Electro-plate,
from the very best makers.

HIGH-STREET AND THOMAS-STREET, MANCHESTER.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, BELLE VUE.

Open every day from 10 a.m.

Messrs. DANSON & SONS' Magnificent Open-air PICTURE of the VALLEY of
the MORAVA, on view every day. The Grand Spectacle of the recent

WAR IN SERBIA,

Every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday throughout the season, at dusk.

Military Band of the Gardens Daily from 3 p.m.

Great Zoological Collection, Pleasure Boats and Steamers on the Lakes, Marcs,
Museum, Conservatories, Ferneries, &c.

Admission to the Gardens, 6d. each; 1s. each after 4 p.m.

CHESHIRE LINES.

The Central Station, Manchester, adjoining the Free-trade Hall,
is Now Open.

NEW EXPRESS TRAIN SERVICE

BETWEEN

MANCHESTER & LIVERPOOL

Express Trains now run from both Manchester and Liverpool, at intervals of an
hour, from 8.30 a.m. until 7.30 p.m., and another each way at 9.30 p.m., in forty-five
minutes. For reduced fares and other particulars see time cards.

SATURDAY & SUNDAY EXCURSIONS

ARE RUN TO

LIVERPOOL,

Leaving the Central Station, Manchester, at 8.30 a.m. and 2.30 p.m. on Saturdays;
and at 9.15 a.m. and 2 p.m. on Sundays. Fares for the double journey, returning day
of issue, third class, 3s.; first class, 6s. For other particulars see handbills.

FOR REDUCED FARES,

MANCHESTER (Central) to the ISLE OF MAN,

SEE SPECIAL BILLS.

Central Station, Liverpool, August, 1877.

WM. ENGLISH, Manager.

CHESHIRE LINES.

NEW CENTRAL STATION, MANCHESTER.

REDUCTION of FARES to the ISLE OF MAN.

On and after Monday, July 16, 1877, passengers will be booked from MANCHESTER (New
Central Station) to

DOUGLAS OR RAMSEY

By any of the Express Trains to Liverpool at the following fares for the double journey:

First class and saloon cabin,	Second class and saloon cabin,	Third class and fore cabin,
18s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	10s.

Express Trains leave Manchester at 10.30 a.m. and 11.30 a.m., due to reach Liverpool at
11.15 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. respectively.

The tickets will be available for return by any steamer from Douglas to Liverpool, and
by any ordinary train from Liverpool (Central Station) within two calendar months of the
day of issue.

These fares do not include conveyance between the railway station and the steamer at
Liverpool.

Liverpool, Central Station, July, 1877.

WM. ENGLISH, Manager.

THE GRAND PROVINCIAL RESTAURANT

MARKET PLACE, ROYAL EXCHANGE, MANCHESTER,

Is Now Open, with First-class Luncheon and Dining Accom-
modation for 500 Persons.

Two Tables d'Hôte daily—viz., from 1 to 2.30, as per bill of fare, served in dining saloon
No. 2, 2s. 6d. per head; second Table d'Hôte, from 5.30 to 7.30, including wines, 4s. 6d. per
head. Dinners à la carte throughout the day. These commanding premises, having been
specially built, are provided with every convenience and comfort that experience can sug-
gest. First-class Ladies' Accommodation.

J. CAVARGNA, Proprietor.
Ladies' Dining Room first floor.

Locus Mularum Deliciarum.

THE "EMPIRE" HOTEL,

ADJOINING VICTORIA RAILWAY STATION, MANCHESTER.

Visitors will find above hotel, which contains seventy beds, splendid com-
mercial and coffee rooms, large bar and billiard room, one of the most
comfortable in Manchester. Private sitting and bed rooms en suite.
Twelve fireproof and other stock rooms. Chop or steak, 1s. 6d.; and
dinners from 2s., at any hour. Wines and spirits of the first quality.
All charges strictly moderate. The above hotel is open at all hours of
the night to receive travellers. An ordinary daily at 1.20—soup, joint,
pastry, and cheese, 1s. 6d.

THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. II.—No. 95.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1877.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

ON AN UGLY MAN.

NO being is entirely ugly. A French writer, in describing his hero, says that "beauty banished from the rest of his person had taken refuge in his eyes;" and it is a remarkable fact that nature, in her goodness, often lends to certain features of an otherwise ugly face an expressive charm which tends to soften the antipathy caused by the rest.

Yet it is of the "ugly man," in the popular acceptance of the term, that we now wish to speak. He is, strange to say, always most painfully alive to his own shortcomings. He believes every one pities him, and accordingly goes through life with a shamefaced expression on his countenance and with eyes bent downwards to the ground. Perchance he has overheard some incautious trivial remark about his appearance, and he is led to believe his ill looks to be a constant topic amongst his associates. From that moment he leads the life of a recluse, for he thinks the sight of him is distasteful to the merry, beautiful world around him. Like the Indian Pariah, he would exclaim, "You can eat this fruit, for I have not touched it."

He trusts that a fairy will kindly transform him some day. The ugly duckling may yet become a swan. To him the nursery tale of his childhood is a reality. There really was a beast which subsequently was turned into a beauty, and what has been can yet be. So thinks our ugly man, and in awaiting the "good time coming," he devotes himself to study. A feeling of contempt for the world seems to grow upon him; yet when his over-burdened mind needs repose, he will take down some well-worn novel and read, with beating heart, about the mirth and the loveliness to be found in the shut-out life around him. To him sleep is the happiest of times, for no stern reality is allowed to place a border-land to his dreams. He is loved, and loves. He is the picture of robust health and manly beauty. He is the admired of all admirers, and, finally, in an unusual burst of joyfulness, he rolls out of bed, and lets the every-day life of care in upon his slumbers, awaking the ugly misanthrope of yore. But an all-wise Providence will not allow him to perish miserably thus. He becomes famed. As one of the sages of his country he is universally admired, and, of course, the very distance which he puts between himself and his fellows only tends to lend enchantment to their view of him. The philosopher and scholar is looked up to as a species of minor deity, and, bit by bit, faint rumours of the esteem in which the world holds him begin to creep in upon his almost torpid soul. The hitherto latent vanity, which is more or less to be found in every mortal breast, now asserts her sway, and pushes the man of letters, *volens volens* into the giddy vortex of life.

Once there he falls a prey to the formerly despised pleasures. From misanthrope and infidel he becomes sensualist and anythingarian. It is now high time for love to step upon the scene, and, like the good fairy in the transformation, to set all things in order by one wave of her magic wand. He at length recognises that he has an imperishable something within him, and he would conceal his ugly visage and only shew his soul to her. She, the "being of his fancy," is a gentle flaxen-haired maiden of seventeen summers, with hardly two ideas in her head, who first began by compassionating and ended by loving him. Her very want of originality and learning makes her charming to the over-wise sage, and the curtain drops on a scene of domestic bliss, in which an ugly man—a radiant transforming glow on his ill-set features—is talking all kinds of

nonsense to a childish-woman, who seems by her appearance to avoid him, and to prize every word that falls from his hideously broad mouth.

Such is life! The spooney trash he is talking is only the "old, old story" re-set, and the drama of life presents no sweeter scene than this, in which all that is good and ennobling is brought before the audience, and all that is bad and noxious is cast among the litter in the stage's far-away background. No need of music where love is! The beating of two kindred hearts is sweeter far than the choicest of Beethoven's sonatas, and it is only when twins and income-tax come that there is a break in the domestic harem.—But, No! We will not stain the pleasant colours of the picture. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

[REJECTED CONTRIBUTION.]

I NEVER ASKED AGAIN.

[BY OLD JOSH.]

GOD of the muses now descend,
And my poor pen inspire,
With words divine, which to earth's end,
Shall glorify their sire.
For I on thee can make a claim,
Of most compelling force;
I write the action of a dame,
As heavenly as thy source.
'Tis her I dared, presumptuous though,
To men and God it seem,
My love to most undoubted show,
And of acceptance dream.

'Twas on a night when Cynthia shone
Her most to make it day,
And all her tender light was thrown
Across the lovers' way;
And seemed to fill with am'rous dew,
If light can aught distil,
The balmy air, and darting through
My heart, it sent a thrill
Of love increased by long delay,
Until it seemed divine,
And prompted me the words to say,
Oh, love, will you be mine.

Just as I spoke, as fearful though,
'Neath her endearing light,
My love my suit would favour show,
The goddess fled from sight.

[We have fortunately mislaid the rest of this MS.—Ed.]

WHERE WAS MR. J. W. MACLURE?

SCENE: *Belle Vue*. Two good Conservatives in conversation. at the "Monstre" Demonstration.

First Conservative: I say, where is our great leader to-day—Mr. J. W. Maclure?

Second Conservative: Haven't you heard?

First Conservative: No.

Second Conservative: Oh, he wrote to Mr. Nicholson to say that he couldn't be present, as he must look after his family sometimes; especially as he knew the demonstration would be a failure!

THE POLLUTION OF THE IRWELL.

THE Old Fogie is going about in a state of great exultation in consequence of his having had a puff from *Chambers' Journal*. The article from which the extract beneath is taken is entitled "Air and Water Pollution," and is from the pen of Mr. W. Chambers. The verses were written just three years ago, at a time when the state of the Irwell was much discussed, and we do not note, in spite of much talk and legislation, much improvement in its condition at the present time.

"The Irwell at Manchester offers a specimen of an impure river of a different type. Here much of the pollution seems to arise from the liquid refuse of dye and other works. The last time we saw the Irwell, it had all the appearance of a sluggish river of black ink. Its colour, however, is liable to change with the predominating dye-stuffs which it happens to receive. The droll remark is made, that boys who indiscreetly take a fancy for bathing in it are apt to come out blue. Its conditions and qualities were some time ago commemorated in a few comic verses in a newspaper, of which a cutting was sent to us. We give them as being too clever to be lost sight of.

SONG OF THE IRWELL.

'I flow, by tainted, noisome spots,
A dark and deadly river;
Foul gases my forget-me-nots,
Which haunt the air for ever.
I grow, I glide, I slip, I slide,
I mock your poor endeavour;
For men may write, and men may talk,
But I reckon for ever.

I reek with all my might and main,
Of plague and death the brewer;
With here and there a nasty drain,
And here and there a sewer.
By fetid bank, impure and rank,
I swirl, a loathsome river;
For men may write, and men may talk,
But I'll reckon for ever.

I grew, I glode, I slipped, I slode,
My pride I left behind me;
I left it in my pure abode—
Now take me as you find me
For black as ink, from many a sink,
I roll a poisonous river;
And men may write, and men may talk,
But I'll reckon for ever.

And thus my vengeance, still I seek
Foul drain, and not a river;
My breath is strong, though I am weak,
Death floats on me for ever.
You still may fight, or may unite
To use your joint endeavour;
But I'll be "boss," in spite of Cross,
And poison you for ever.'

"We trust that the concluding threat of remaining for ever a poisonous and fetid river is not true of the Irwell any more than the Thames or the Clyde. The subject of river-pollution, as of air-pollution, is too serious to be much longer neglected, and we trust that government, setting aside private, selfish, and factious interests, will soon deal with it in as peremptory a fashion as constitutional forms will admit."—*Chambers's Journal*. Part 164. Aug. 31, 1877.

FOGIE PAPERS.

[BY AN OLD FOGIE.]

MY ROUMANIAN.

THE adventure, such as it is, which I am about to relate happened to me on the very occasion, alluded to in my last paper, on which I sallied forth in dudgeon, leaving the mutton bone untouched upon the table. No sooner had I moved from the door than I was addressed in an unknown tongue by an individual, who made use of much jesticulation. I say an unknown tongue, because though I think he was trying to talk English, not a word he uttered was intelligible. He also had a small but increasing crowd following his movements, as an object of deep interest. He talked very fast for a good while, and I at first thought that he might be mad, for the sounds which he uttered struck meaningless on my ear, though I am acquainted with the etymology of many languages. One of the crowd volunteered the confident statement that he was a Welshman. Now, I do not know anything about Welsh, but this strange linguist singled me out and stuck to me, and I felt bound to make some mental exertions for his benefit. At last, in the course of his ravings, I fancied I detected a word which had a French sound—"Photographie." So under a happy inspiration I said in French, "Does Monsieur talk French, for example?" He nodded gaily, and said "Oui, oui," but I immediately found that that was about all he knew of the language, which I once learned to talk fluently and have never forgotten. The French dialogue came to nought as far as he was concerned, but the crowd regarded me with evident respect and awe, which was no consolation, as I had got this stranger on my hands. I next bethought me of German, but my acquaintance with that language was extremely meagre, being limited to words picked up in German eating houses abroad, such as "Ein glasse bier," "Zweibleklops," "Vischner Schnitzel," "Dampschiffarte mit rinken," and so on, the meaning of which I had for the most part forgotten. However, I asked him if he spoke German, and I found that he spoke it fluently, but unfortunately, just as he had not understood my French, so I was unable to understand his German. We had now conversed about a quarter of an hour and neither of us had got at the meaning of the other, but the crowd regarded us both with increasing admiration. At last I fancied that he said he was a Roumanian, and a faint hope flashed across my mind, for I felt bound to see this adventure through. Now, though I could not guess at all what the man wanted, especially as he did not look like a mendicant, as a last resort then, and having come now to the end of my tether, I asked him if he spoke Russian. This also he spoke fluently, whereas I only knew just enough to ask for a mutton chop and curse a cabman, with which much knowledge an Englishman can get along very well in Russia. In order to display my knowledge I let fall one or two of the most dreadful and complicated oaths which I had learned, at which he grinned and chattered, as much as to say, "It is evident that you know the language." However, while in Russia, there had come upon me a sort of instinctive power of getting at the drift of anything said to me, and I found out what he wanted. He had a friend who lived in the immediate neighbourhood, but he had forgotten the number. This friend, as well as I could make out, was a photographer. Having this clue, and having this foreigner now fairly on my hands, I bethought me of asking Mrs. Clarkson. With this object, and with the further one of getting rid of the crowd, I asked him into my apartments, leaving the spectators to linger for awhile on the door step and look through the keyhole, and being tired of that diversion, disperse dismally. Mrs. Clarkson came when summoned, and this foreigner attacked her at once with a torrent of words in his own language, I believe. Now, not understanding Roumanian, I suppose, and being probably of opinion that all sane persons in the world talk English, my landlady put on an air of suspicion and fright, clearly imagining insanity as the complaint of my foreign friend. More than this, she seemed to

THE GRIFFIN GRAMPIONS.

[BY A BACHELOR.]

THE other morning I received per post a letter, the outward appearance of which sufficiently indicated its importance. Indeed, the landlady at whose house I have recently taken apartments, with the curiosity for which her sex is famed, had evidently been handling it with a wish to obtain a knowledge of its contents. Enclosed in an envelope about four inches square, and addressed in a large round hand to "W. —, Esquire," the contents must be important. Such was my first impression of the letter before me. Turning the envelope round, preparatory to opening it, I found it fastened with a seal about the size of a shilling, in the midst of which were a number of what seemed to be hieroglyphics, but whether they were Persian, or Turkish, or Hindostanee I was unable to determine. After spending some minutes in a fruitless attempt to decipher them, I resolved, at all risks, to see what the inside contained. The envelope enclosed a neatly written note which, as the publication of it does not (I can authoritatively state) at all violate the sanctity of private life, I have much pleasure in placing before the enlightened readers of this journal. It was as follows:—

"The Society of Griffin Grampians request the pleasure of the company of W. —, Esquire, at their tenth annual dinner, at the Club Rooms, on — next, at 7-30 p.m."

The blanks were filled up with the name of your humble servant and the date on which the dinner was to take place. My ruminations on the receipt of this note were of a most profound character. Scarcely had I been a fortnight in my new lodgings and already a most important society (I made no doubt as to the adjective) asked for the distinguished honour of my company at their annual dinner. Mr. John Smauker's remark to Sam Weller, in "Pickwick," "that if your destiny leads you into public life and public station (Mr. Smauker was a footman) you must expect to be subjected to temptations from which other people were free," well applies, I have often thought, to my own case, and so I have long since given up trying to retire into private life, and have taken the important and elevated position to which I was born and which nature has allotted me. Whenever I invite my friends to a cup of tea or dinner, the remark, "Ah, Mr. —, how well are you fitted to adorn society," or something similar, is sure to be made. Of course, what so many of my friends declare to be the fact, it would be sham modesty and sheer hypocrisy on my part to attempt to disbelieve, and so I have come to accept the compliment as a just tribute to my merits. But I must not digress to personal affairs. The invitation was what occupied my mind, and firstly, who were these Griffin Grampians? Such was the profound thought which first occupied my attention, a thought that leads directly to the root of the thing. There is no beating about the bush with me. I exercise my right as a free born Englishman, who uses the privileges which we boast of all the world over. Who, indeed, has not heard of the privileges of an Englishman? None of your Russian serfs here, or your Turkish slaves, but a true Briton, and as such I make no excuse for coming at once to the point and asking who these Griffin Grampians are. Never before had I heard of such a set of persons, and having laboured under the flattering impression that I knew every club in the district, I was considerably startled to find one of which I had never previously heard mention. At first I thought the club must be a new one, but on a re-perusal of the invitation I saw that this was the tenth annual dinner. All day that invitation haunted me, frequently I stopped in the midst of my work to think about it. Nay, the thought so possessed me that in going home from business in the evening I thoughtlessly (or thoughtfully?) ran into a lamp post. Who could these Griffin Grampians be, was the thought which haunted me. How or in what respect could these men be compared to Griffins? And the next word was even more mysterious still—what in the name of wonder could the

creature called a Grampian be like? These were important questions which I was unable to solve, and after puzzling about it for the great part of the evening tried to dismiss the question from my mind, and went to bed. But the subject would not leave me, and for a long time I rustled restlessly about trying to get it out of my head, but, unhappily, not succeeding. In time I got desperate and vowed to myself with set teeth that I would go to sleep despite all the Grampians in the world. Alas, do what I would, determine as much as I liked, the thought would not leave me; no sleep came to my wearied eyelids that night, and it was getting on for three o'clock the next morning ere I slumbered. A "happy thought" suddenly possessed me while at business the next day—might not the mystic words be reversed, and the Griffin Grampians thus become the Grampian Griffins? Here, thought I, was a solution of the whole mystery. The Grampians, I well knew, were a range of hills in Scotland, and so might not the expression be paraphrased into the Griffins of the Grampians? Yet I had never heard that it was one of the customs of griffins to prowl about the Grampians, and so I was still in a fix. Eventually I gave the question up, and waited as patiently as possible until the eventful day came, when, exact to the second, I attended to the invitation, only to find, ugh! that it had come from one of the inmates of a private lunatic asylum. And this after a few million conjectures as to what could be the nature of such an extraordinary society as the Griffin Grampians!

ON AMBITION.

[BY O. H. SMIGGS.]

AMBITION is, to a certain extent, developed with intellect and in proportion to social standing. Ask the illiterate crossing-sweeper what he the most desires, and he will probably tell you a place as Corporation dustman. Ask the struggling grocer in his narrow back-street shop the same question, and he will name a shop in the centre of the town as the greatest possible happiness that could be conferred on him. Ask, again, the man with a tremendous emporium right in the midst of the city, and he will own that his ambition is unbounded. Give the crossing-sweeper his place as Corporation muck-man, and, so to speak, increase his social status, and a "gaffership" amongst his comrades will next form the *ne plus ultra* of his aspirations. Give the grocer his wish—for establishment, let the name of his sugar-casks and tea-chests be "Legion," and his ambition will at once become illimitable. There is a something in every being which leads him to want more of what he already possesses. Contentment is a rare jewel, only to be found in the mines of Goody-Goody story-books. Like the unfledged sparrows, we incessantly open our huge beaks and cry, and worms may come and worms may go, but we'll chirp on for ever. The curate will be a parson, the parson a bishop, and the bishop anything greater than what he at present is.

The world is a gigantic maze. The prize in the centre, looked at from varied points of view, seems to each of us a different one, yet in reality it is one and the same thing—Power! Some burst through all bounds to reach it, some trample on their neighbours in their mad attempts, and some cunning individuals follow in the footsteps of those whom they deem more sagacious than themselves. Sometimes, but very rarely, brother lends a helping hand to brother, and the "madding crowd" in their "tempestuous strife" look admiringly on, but do not hasten to imitate, when, lo! a clearer and a nearer view of the treasure is obtained; their friendly grasp becomes feebler, and finally they part to meet no more, each to go on his own separate way, and neither to obtain what they most long for. What is, then, the prize in the centre? Once obtained, the weary toiler soars triumphantly to its summit, and taking his breath, beholds yet another and, to his thinking, more valuable, treasure in the far, far distance. Again he is on his way, and this time remains

LAIRITZ'S FIR WOOL OIL.—The MARCHIONESS of WESTMINSTER testifies to its great efficacy. PHILADELPHIA and Eight other Prize Medals awarded. Certain cure for Rheumatism, Tic, Neuralgia, etc. Sold by L. BEAVER, 87, Cross Street, Manchester, and all chemists, in bottles from 1s. 1d. upwards.

JACKDAW

85, MARKET-STREET, 85.

KENNETH'S PRESENTS

FOR
Weddings, Birthdays,
ETC., ETC.

AMUSEMENTS.

ALEXANDRA HALL, Peter-street, Manchester.—TO-NIGHT,
Messrs. Henderson and Stanley, the Living Marionettes; Mr. Charles Pearson, the Royal Sussex Dwarf; Miss C. Ransome, Serio-Comie Vocalist; Sisters Leglere, Duetists; Mr. Matt Mugheon, the American Comedian; Mr. F. W. Vincent; Mr. and Mrs. Pike, Irish Duetists; Mr. J. Davis, the Cure Upside Down. **MONDAY NEXT,** the Great Laburnum, and other Artists. Prices 6d. and 1s. Opens at 7.

THE MANCHESTER GLACIARIUM RUSHOLME.

REAL ICE SKATING DAILY.

Open from 3 to 5, and 7 30 to 9 30 p.m.

BAND on TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY EVENINGS.

Admission, 2s.; Wednesday, 1s.

ROYAL MANCHESTER INSTITUTION.

57th ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, DRAWINGS, AND SCULPTURE.

OPEN TO THE PUBLIC DAILY.

ADMISSION, ONE SHILLING; SEASON TICKETS, 2s. 6d. EACH

MANCHESTER WAREHOUSEMEN AND CLERKS' ORPHAN SCHOOLS, CHEADLE HULME

GARDEN PARTY AND FESTIVAL

IN THE

GROUNDS OF THE INSTITUTION, ON SATURDAY, 8th SEPTEMBER, 1877.

The Programme will include—

ATHLETIC SPORTS, DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE, GRAND CONCERT,
THE MINE-HAHA TROUPE OF CHRISTY MINSTRELS.
MUSEUM OF WORKS OF ART, AND JUVENILE ENTERTAINMENTS.

Refreshments supplied by Messrs. Parker and Sons.

MILITARY BAND IN ATTENDANCE.

The Sports will commence at 2 30 p.m. Admission to the Ground, 6d., and to each
Entertainment, 6d.

Books of Coupons, admitting to all, price 2s. 6d., may be had from Messrs. A. Magson
and Son, Market-street; Messrs. Parker and Sons, St. Mary's Gate and St. Ann's Square;
Mr. Schofield, secretary Manchester Athenaeum; from any member of the committee,
or from
SAML. MARBOTT, Secretary, 86, Mosley-street.

NOTICE.—Copies of No. 89 of the *City Jackdaw*, containing a sketch of
Mr. RICHARD HAWORTH as one of "Our Public Men," may be
obtained at our office.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

ONE of the bands, evidently appreciating the endeavours of Messrs. Nicholson and Co. in getting up the Conservative demonstration of last Saturday, vigorously kept up playing whilst passing through the Manchester streets "The same old game."

GORTON ratepayers may note that the two principal persons taking part in a discussion last week, at the local board, relating to important sanitary matters, were Messrs. Woodhead and Fudge.

NEVER in recent experience has the weather been more brilliant than on the occasion of the Conservative demonstration on Saturday last. The reason of this was that there was a bowling match at the Chapel House, Heaton Chapel, for a suit of waterproofs.

A NEW idea in matrimony is that of obtaining a partner on strictly commercial principles. This advertiser in the *Examiner* has started the notion:

A YOUNG Foreign Wine Merchant has a Vacancy for a Lady in his office: situation of trust: salary, £50 per annum: must have means to invest: view, matrimony.—Address E 55, at the printers'.

ABOUT the late Conservative demonstration the *Evening Mail* in a leading article remarks that "Some years ago the very idea of Conservative working men was sneered at by the leaders of Radicalism. Professor Thorold Rogers even went the length of saying that if he could find such an example he would put him in a glass case and exhibit him throughout the country as a curious rarity. Had he been at Belle Vue on Saturday he might have seen such specimens in their tens of thousands. Conservative working men's associations abound everywhere." Our only comment on this is that, granting every person present to have been a Conservative working man, any person estimating the number at the figure quoted must have seen more than double. The turnstiles, we believe, give 3,000, and a turnstile has no political convictions.

To that we can only add—and we do so from a deep inward impression—so much the better for the turnstiles.

A VERY able criticism of "Pink Dominos," which appeared in the *Manchester Examiner*, furnished the town with talk last week. The Prince's Theatre was consequently, or subsequently, crowded by folks who either desired to enjoy nastiness, or to judge for themselves. "I don't see anything bad in it yet," was a phrase which was on the lips of a good many of the spectators, and, in fact, we have a half suspicion that the interests of the drama would be better served were the critics to content themselves simply by noting the effect of a play upon the audience. There is a lot to be said on this thesis: Ought a critic to say "this play pleases the public," or ought he to remark "this play ought not to please the public." London and Manchester differ widely in practice on this very issue, with what results it would be hard to estimate exactly.

THE Opening absurdity of next week still causes discussion and comment. The Mayor has issued a decree that all Councillors and others should wear evening dress on the occasion. Objections have been raised against this on various grounds. Some Councillors do not possess evening suits, and shrink from the expense of procuring them. Others, like a gentleman mentioned by Councillor Charles Walker, are happy in the possession of dress coats which, by cause of age or good living, no longer fit them. Others, again, are nervous or unwieldy, and do not feel inclined to figure in the costume of gentlemen for fear of looking foolish. The edict,

TO SMOKERS: { Mounted Briars, Meerschaums, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches, } **Withecumb, 32, Victoria-st., & 66, Market-st.**
Cigarettes, and Smokers' Requisites of every description.

however, has gone forth. In order to stimulate and encourage City Councillors in doing their duty on this occasion, would it not be as well for the Mayor to offer a prize for the best turn out in the way of costume. There are precedents for a course of this kind.

CONSIDERING the decision arrived at by the Council, that dress coats are a *sine qua non* at the forthcoming ball, the *elite* of society are especially requested to dispense with their butlers on the day named, that the latter may be enabled to oblige their friends with the desired tail-coat.

THE publicans are in high glee at the prospect of the three days' revelry which is coming on this unhappy city—or town, is it? They expect to sell more liquor than at any election time, and they are fully aware that Manchester folks can never do anything in the way of enjoyment or business without a large consumption of liquor. Some people even are ill-natured enough to say that the whole business has been got up in the interest of the publicans.

IF all the money which will be spent on drink during the three days could be saved and sent to the Indian Famine Relief Fund, the distributors of the fund would have more money than they would know what to do with.

WITH sorrow and consternation we learn that M. Thiers is dead, and that the Salford Baths and Washhouses' Committee have determined to resign their offices.

It has often been pointed out that one objection to the practice of keeping a diary lies in the fact that human nature is very weak. No man or woman it is urged could afford to write down everything in his or her career. Mr. Samuel Holland, however, tried to keep a diary on purely conscientious principles; the result being that he has come to grief. He followed the unassuming calling of a nightsoil man, and, unfortunately fell under suspicion of stealing a watch. He was brought before the magistrates on Wednesday, and admitted the truth of the accusation, probably because his pocket kook, which had been taken from him, contained the following entry:—"Aug. 25: Samuel Holland—Stole a watch; pawned on 27th at A. Whittaker's, Regent Road, for £1." When this man comes out of prison, at the expiration of a month, he will probably feel a strong prejudice against keeping a diary.

QUESTIONS OF ETIQUETTE.

WE have received the following queries from bewildered City Councillors and others, who expect to take part in the ball and other ceremonies at the opening of the New Town Hall. We have no space to answer them in, and therefore print them for consideration:—

May a City Councillor blow his nose in the ballroom?

What sort of hat is it best to wear, and what is to be done with it when not worn on the head?

May a respectable mechanic wear a dickey and cuffs, provided that he appears in a swallow tail?

Is it permissible to smile when the Mayor remarks that it is very 'ot?

Will it be the correct thing for an alderman's wife to dance with a "respectable mechanic," provided that he is in evening dress?

Can a "respectable mechanic" excuse himself from wearing patent leather boots, on the ground that he suffers from corns?

If a respectable mechanic is mistaken for a councillor, or a councillor for a respectable mechanic, or an alderman for a councillor, or any or all of these for any of the others, what will be, in each respective case, the most dignified escape from the dilemma?

ILLUSIONS.



WHEN I was but a heedless boy.

With little wisdom to embolden,

I loved a maid—the maid was coy;

But never mind, her hair was golden.

I sighed and sighed, for she was cold,

A single lock I begged, and but one,

From all the panoply of gold—

Disdainfully she bade me "cut one."

With gentle reverence I took

The proffered guerdon of the maiden,

And cherished it by touch and look,

With love and hope and rapture laden.

But now I've found, like other men,

What fond illusions I've been hugging,

I did not know—how could I then?

I might have had the lot, for tugging!

THE AQUARIUM AS A SEMINARY.

IT appears to be the truth that the Bishop of Salford has bought the Aquarium, and it is said that he means to turn it into a sort of marine seminary for the propagation of science and true religion. Lectures are to be delivered from time to time with these objects in view. We beg to append a few suggestions.

THE STICKLEBACK.

This animal, ladies and gentlemen, as you observe, possesses ten spines on its back symbolical of the Ten Commandments. The little creature is at present on the alert and swimming about, the spines being either from fear, anger, or some other emotion, conspicuous by being erect. When the fish is quiescent these spines do not appear, being folded on to its back by a beautiful contrivance of nature. The lesson is obvious that the Ten Commandments need not always obtrude themselves upon our daily life. So long as we all know that they are there, that should be quite enough for us.

THE SKATE.

If you observe the skates in this tank, you will notice that when in a recumbent position on the bottom they appear to be brown, with speckles on them, and to have no feature of interest, but when they try to swim upwards towards the light, they turn towards a visitor their under side, which is white, and is marked so as to resemble very accurately the features of a man. These skates are not aware of this circumstance, and so present a very grotesque appearance. The moral of this is—Beware of ambition, lest, like the skate, you should place yourself in a ridiculous position by displaying those qualities which nature has intended to be concealed.

THE SHRIMP.

You may be surprised to find how ugly these little creatures are when they are alive in their native element. They have, undoubtedly, a much more handsome appearance when, transformed into a beautiful pink, they are displayed on the fishmonger's stall. It is the boiling water in which they are immersed which produces this change. Hence we have a very beautiful example of the purifying influence of Purgatory upon the human soul.

Etc., etc.

CIGARS at WITHECOMB'S are the CHOICEST, 3d., 4d., 6d., 9d., 1s., and 2s. 6d. each.

THE "MONSTRE" CONSERVATIVE DEMONSTRATION AT BELLE VUE.

[BY A JUVENILE POLITICIAN.]

ABOUT half-past four on Saturday afternoon the zoological collection at Belle Vue must have been alarmed by hearing the martial strains of a hundred brassen trumpets, and the thudding of at least half-a-dozen big drums. Slowly the procession reached the grounds where the platforms were erected, and where small knots of persons were assembled evidently from curiosity. The fanfaronade of the bands ceased, and then came a few of the heroes of the day, followed by immense cheering and clapping of hands. After a great deal of shuffling, manoeuvring, and confusion, in which trumpet and big drum seemed to fare very badly, the company broke into sections, and began shouting and hurrahing until many gentlemen—elderly gentlemen especially—grew quite red in the face. I wondered what all this "mighty pothor" was about, when I espied Lord Beaconsfield, "all splendid and brave," floating grandly on a silken banner, and looking quite serious and statesmanlike, as such a great personage ought to do. After something like order had been obtained, the people divided into three "platforms," on each of which an imposing force of oratory was stationed. My sympathies were drawn towards No. 3 platform, because I found it was the most meagrely patronised of the three. In fact, I was greatly alarmed on observing the indefatigable Touchstone running towards us with the startling tidings that there was to be no speaking from No. 3, for the good reason that there was no auditory. On receiving this information, one or two gentlemen on the platform looked exceedingly angry, and vowed that they would stop where they were, let an audience come or not. I was very much concerned at what threatened to be a rupture at the very commencement of a "Constitutional" service, but happily a gentleman proved equal to the trying occasion. He suggested that the band should strike up some stirring strain. This advice was immediately acted upon. Trombones, cornpeans, drums, and other instruments of musical warfare were set agoing, and soon numbers of people came trooping to No. 3 platform. Indeed, so successful was this stroke of policy, that No. 1 and No. 2 began to be sensibly shorn of their numbers, and it was feared that, as a matter of safety, the gentlemen on these platforms, who did not look with much love on this exodus, would invoke the services of a band to keep their spirits and their numbers up. Thus there would have been three bands in amicable antagonism, and people, in their agitation, would have been rushing to and fro just as they were impelled by the instruments of sound. Fortunately, matters did not come to this terrible pass. I may relate that a stout gentleman caused a great commotion on the platform by announcing that he had been duly voted to the chair. This assertion was loudly contradicted by gentlemen standing behind the stout party, and they tugged at his coat until they had compelled him to resume his seat. The audience was rather amused at the small comedy being enacted on the platform, much to the indignation of the "leaders," who, without doubt, had they received the slightest encouragement from their followers, would have taken summary vengeance on the stout gentleman by pitching him off the platform. The chairman (who was termed the "gallant Major") made a slashing attack on the Liberal party, made dreadful havoc of their Eastern policy, and charged them up to their entrenchments. It was an exceedingly brilliant affair altogether, and if Mr. Gladstone is not annihilated by the terrible onslaught he must be more than human. We were told that this was the greatest political gathering that had ever been held in Manchester. If this were so, I pity the "political gatherings" that had gone before; for to my juvenile mind,

looking at the affair as a numerical display, it was marvellously attenuated from beginning to end, as if mankind in general, including Conservatives, did not care one jot about it. An M.P. followed the "gallant Major," and he also went into ecstasies over the "enormous numbers gathered there." Seeing the impression which the vastness of the concourse made upon successive orators, I began to wonder whether I was mistaken in my calculations as to the force present. I looked around with searching eye to see if I had overlooked any battalions of devout Conservatives. Glad to say I had not. The "enormous numbers" spread over the sward to the extent of perhaps one thousand men all told—small affair to get into such raptures over; yet it was pleasant to hear people whistling so merrily against the wind; it gives one such a fine idea of the comfort to be derived from a strong imagination. One M.P. reminded his hearers that there were representatives from Lancashire, Cheshire, Yorkshire—yea, and even Staffordshire. One enthusiastic individual responded that he came from Staffordshire, on hearing which there was a movement amongst the small crowd as if they were about to close upon the Staffordshire man and embrace him as a hero that ought to be held up as a public example of patriotism. I also noticed that whenever the name of Mr. Gladstone was mentioned a ferocious-looking man, decorated with blue favours, called out "woodcutter," upon which there was a tremendous howl, and swinging of arms as if divers members of the crowd were about to indulge in a little muscular exertion by felling each other. When the M.P. sat down, an elderly gentleman (a "doctor," we were informed) got up, and began, as I observed did all the speakers, a terrible assault on Mr. Gladstone. He also alluded to Gladstone's "aberration of mind," and alluded to other intellectual malformations of the right hon. gentleman, so that I really began to think the "sentimental lunatic" (so the "doctor" termed Mr. Gladstone) was a very small man indeed when compared to his critic. The Emperor of Russia also fell in for a thrashing, and I am sure that if that poor man had heard what the great "doctor" thought about him he would bid farewell to empire, and retire to a monastery. The "doctor" was loudly applauded, and as he concluded with a stirring poetical quotation, something about a man being so dead as never to himself hath said, &c., the applause was terrific, old gentlemen thumping the platform with their sticks, ladies waving their handkerchiefs, and the crowd shouting and clapping, as much as to say, "Ain't that grand?" I need not follow the other speakers. One gentleman was introduced as the mayor of a borough who had refused to call a meeting last autumn on the atrocity business; and when this announcement was made his quondam worship looked around, and mentally said, "No gentlemen, they were not going to take me in about their atrocities. I was one too many for them. Didn't believe it. Don't you admire me?" Of course they did, and gave his non-atrocity worship a salvo of cheering. There was one small gentleman from Stalybridge who got to a white-heat about the "woodcutter," and went through a very edifying performance with his arms. I never did see a small man get into such a terrible tantrum about an individual he perhaps never saw, and I was really glad the "woodcutter" was not present, for he would have received such a terrible shock from the sight of the old man's fury that would have proved very disastrous to his nervous system. The small individual sat down wiping his brow, and glanced around as much as to say, "Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen, do you think the woodcutter will survive that?" All the resolutions—one or two of them very long-winded affairs—were, of course, passed unanimously; and after a stave of "God Save the Queen" had been sung the three "platforms" disappeared. Before quitting the gardens I was particularly anxious about the state of the lion during the imposing demonstration; and I was agreeably informed that his lionship had had a sound sleep, seemingly obvious that the terrible gentlemen, the British lion, was, from "Constitutional" lungs, setting up a faint roar in his immediate vicinity.—*Abridged from the Oldham Chronicle.*

suspect some conspiracy, and indignantly repudiated all knowledge of any photographer whatever. In fact, she would have nothing to do with it. Finally, and to make a long story short, I elicited that there was a certain house a few doors off where they knew the address wanted, but my friend had been there and had not only failed to be understood by the slavey, but had been ignominiously treated, in some manner which aroused much indignation. Further, I went with my Roumanian, full of joy at last at the prospect of getting rid of him. I rang the bell, and the slavey opening the door a little way told us to "go away." After some parley, I persuaded her to inquire within, and after much explanation, I got the required address. The next thing was to convey it to my Roumanian, but on the subject of addresses I found that he was impervious to all languages, living or dead. Finally, I was obliged to pilot him to the very door, for which attention he expressed much gratitude. I left him engaged in huge embraces and voluminous conversation with his friend. Having been in similar predicaments myself in foreign towns, I can quite imagine that this adventure was to him one of a highly exciting and disagreeable character. To me it was to a certain extent amusing—though in the end I was quite as glad to get rid of my Roumanian as the reader will be on arriving at the close of this narrative.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. No. 87. September, 1877. London: Hurst and Blackett. Dublin: W. Ridings.

THE only article in the current number of this magazine which we intend to notice is a gushing tribute to Mr. H. Irving. It opens as one of a series of articles illustrated by photographs entitled "Our Portrait Gallery." This article informs us (speaking of Mr. Irving personally) that he is a gentleman of a singularly modest and retiring mind. Yet taking this for granted, we are quite sure that the eminent actor will be very much pleased with what has been written about him. There is no attempt at criticism, or even at suggesting that criticism is required. The only hint of such a thing is in the following extract:—

"The penalties of his high position were soon felt by Mr. Irving in all their rigour. He had attained a celebrity which some people neither expected nor desired, and he was consequently exposed to a system of depreciation which was quite apart from the purpose of criticism. A public man cannot escape calumny, and Mr. Irving, by reason of the suddenness of a reputation which was a dramatic surprise, was the subject of an unusual number of those fables which expire with the characters of their inventors. Still, it needed all the nerve of a brave man to bear without flinching the attacks which were frequent at this time. The public, always true to its favourites when they are unjustly assailed, supported Mr. Irving throughout the storm, and fortunately for the interests of dramatic art, enabled him to live down the prejudices which had been excited against him."

This is a delicate way, of course, of saying that in spite of the high opinions expressed by this writer of Mr. Irving's acting, there are, unluckily, a number of people who, like ourselves, cannot stomach it. We are used to this method of meeting public opinion, which is probably as old as the world itself. We have little doubt that the "enemies" denounced by King David in the Book of Psalms as persecuting him because he was good were really persons who disapproved of some of the monarch's naughty ways.

Mr. Irving is compared by the *Dublin Magazine* with Dickens and Thackeray as a "man of genius":—

"Of all literary tasks it is surely the most pleasing to trace the course of a man of genius from youth and obscurity to maturity and fame. In the labour of the biographer there is at all times a charm unequalled in

the whole range of letters; but that chronicler of a career has, we think, the most enviable lot whose duty it is to record, not a startling success at the first onset, but the gradual development of unsuspected resources, the display of which, when the time comes, has all the force of a revelation. The writer of fiction has an ideal pleasure in depicting the trials and dangers from which his hero is to emerge in triumph at the end of the story; and much the same kind of interest, though in a far greater degree, is felt by the biographer in the early struggles of the man who eventually springs from the level allotted to him by the public voice into a sphere which demands such gifts as only a very few ever imagined him to possess. In literature, which is fruitful enough of surprises, it is difficult to name any remarkable instance of an author passing at a bound from the position of a writer of peculiar but limited talent into the higher walks of representative genius. The success of Charles Dickens was immediate, and the characteristics which marked his first literary efforts were those which soon afterwards established his reputation. The case of Thackeray is different, for the qualities, &c., &c."

After this, we need not be astonished to find Irving put on the same pedestal with Kemble, Kean, and Macready, as thus:—

"Such is the record of a career which, though very far, let us hope, from its close, has numbered its achievements amongst the most remarkable in the history of dramatic art. Mr. Irving has been an actor for twenty years, but he has barely reached the prime of life and intellectual vigour, and some of his varied gifts have still to mellow and mature. But what has been set down in this sketch of his progress is sufficient to stamp him as an artist original and versatile in a rare degree. There is no precedent in our knowledge for an actor of high excellence in comedy subsequently attaining a foremost position in Shakespearian tragedy. It must, moreover, be borne in mind that as a tragedian Mr. Irving has had no guide but his own insight. Macready had the advantage of studying great models, and of observing how the traditions embodied by the eminent actors of his day were made instinct with original power. Mr. Irving has had no models. Another important difference between Mr. Irving and the elder tragedians is that the latter had a probation in the provinces. Kemble and Edmund Kean, for example, had worn the buskin many years before they displayed the fruits of study before a London audience."

Having seen Mr. Irving's *Richelieu*, we cannot help reading the next extract in a comic light:—

"In the midst of the varying phases of craft, passion, indomitable will—the sorrowful dignity of the minister in disgrace, the mocking triumph over baffled foes—the age and infirmity of the Cardinal are always preserved. This important point is most noteworthy in the last scene when Richelieu, apparently in a dying state, confounds his enemies by his sudden renewal of life and energy in the moment of victory. The triumphant exclamation, "There! at my feet!" is not uttered with all the force of the actor's lungs, but in the gasping falsetto of an aged man."

When we heard this, the exact sounds conveyed to our ears were as follows:—"Thaw aw maw fut-aw!" But, strangely enough, we were not reminded of the "gasping falsetto of an aged man," nor do we know what this means, though a high compliment is to be suspected.

From a perusal of this article we gather that Mr. Irving must possess at least one enthusiastic friend somewhere; but we think that this friend would have done the actor better service either by holding his tongue altogether or by refraining from fulsome adulation. "Praise undeserved is satire in disguise;" and though we doubt not the earnestness of the writer under notice, we cannot praise his discrimination or critical tact. Mr. Irving is an intelligent and painstaking actor, possessing considerable powers which we think he does not use to the best advantage; but to compare him with Kemble, Kean, Dickens, and Thackeray is almost enough to make those men of genius turn in their graves. The rest of this magazine is filled up with articles which are sufficiently readable.

WORMALD'S CREAM OINTMENT, FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN, IS TRULY EFFICACIOUS.

POTS, 1844. and 2s. 6d.

unrewarded, for the maze-keeper's attendant, Death, comes to prevent him breaking through the hedges, and puts an end to a wild, unsuccessful career. To O. H. Smiggs the much-longed-for centre is gold—gold wherewith to preserve life in the squalling twins—gold wherewith to satisfy the irate landlord's claims—gold wherewith to pay for my last mad freak in kicking the Printer's Devil down stairs. On I dash! There's no one looking, so over the hedges I bound. Come on, Mr. Editor, give me a push up and I'll help you afterwards. Now, then, Mrs. Smiggs, stay there with the children till I return. You can rest assured I won't be long. Whom are you pushing against, sir? The maze is made for all alike, and I've just as much right here as you. Did you hear that fellow who just passed us? He must be mad! He thinks that the centre of the puzzle-ground is the council chamber in the new Town Hall, and he's trying for a place in it. That bundle which he's got on his back he calls the letter H, and says he'll throw it away directly as they don't need it amongst the councillors. Poor lunatic! But really I must stop here! I'm quite out of breath. Come along, reader; let's have a rest together, and we can try again afterwards. What do you think of the maze? Are you one of those weak-minded individuals who give it up as a bad job before they have got a fair start, and end by a plunge in the Irwell and six newspaper lines, after being sat upon by an intelligent jury of twelve ignoramuses? or are you going to do your best and act fair? Never get through a hedge, or push a weaker fellow than yourself out of the way. If you should get to the gold before I do, just throw me a few nuggets. I'll hide them in the twins' perambulator, and nobody will be any the wiser. The editor knows my address, if you don't happen to drop across me; but, above all things, send them direct to me. One can't be too careful about valuables, and though I wouldn't for a moment cast a doubt on the honesty of any of the youths at the publishing office, or even of the editor himself, still it's just as well to take precautions. Good-bye now! One grasp of the hand before parting, and success attend you.

PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION:

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A "WHITE ELEPHANT."

CONTAINING a faithful and authentic description of my parentage, birth, and babyhood—How I was reared, have been used, beaten, and abused—Sam's little game—Anecdotes of my trainer "Frank"—Fuller description of my owner, "Coalie"—A powerful lever—How I was bought and he was sold—The bubble burst—Instalments due—Possession nine points of the law—Charity and philanthropy plentiful—Money scarce—Plausible aims and objects—Coalie's real character—His first offer—His last offer—How he brought me out and let himself in—My first appearance in public—My reception—Mendelsohn's music—Criticisms of the press—How I came to change hands—A bubble company, and how it was promoted—The forces marshalled—Sharp practice—Snobbery and jobbery—The Albion refreshment contract, or the waiter bamboozled—Beb to the rescue—Publicans and sinners—A conclave of old women—Rocks ahead—Stranded on the Lea shore—A chairman's oratory—Going in for a sale—Bricks and mortar—Demoralised!—Demented!!—Dead!!!—Funeral procession—Residents in Whalley Range and shareholders headed by the curator of the Botanical Gardens and the estimable Potts, bearing each a sprig of cypress—The hearse—The bishop of the diocese and the bill-poster.

THE THEATRES.

MR. Jefferson is off again to America, and is giving his farewell performance here. We could have wished, under these circumstances, that he would have confined himself to "Rip Van Winkle" only, for at present we are suffering from a haunting anxiety that he may turn out, rom next week's experience, to be not a great actor at all. We have no

desire, however anxious we may be to try the experiment, to see Mr. Jefferson in any other character than that which he has made his own. In connection with this engagement we may notice the falling-off in the attendance this week at the Prince's as offering sad discouragement to earnest criticism. We can only hope that the classes of people who go to see such vague and stupid productions as "Pink Dominoes" and such faithful artistic work as that of Mr. Jefferson, may be as distinct from each other as are the natures of the two performances. Mr. Jefferson is pretty well supported on this occasion. Miss Masson, who takes the important part of Gretchen, fails not so much from lack of ability as from inability to comprehend. She is not only too violently shrewish, but leaves out altogether the pathetic side of the picture, and her impersonation is, in fact, as wooden as the broomstick of which she makes a too free parade. The little children are cleverly done by Miss Allcroft and Miss Barry, and Mr. Doyle is acceptable as Derriek.

"After Dark" is produced at the Queen's in a very creditable manner. The play itself is amusing, and the various parts are sustained in an enjoyable manner by the whole company.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "City Jackdaw."

Sir,—Permit me to draw your attention to the following advertisement, the eleventh from the bottom of column second on the fourth page of the *Manchester Guardian* of Saturday, September 1st, which is as follows:—

WANTED, a Man, between 30 and 40 years of age, to draw a Van with another man; must be sober, steady, and willing to make himself generally useful: one who can do a little joinery preferred: wages, 18s. per week: hours, seven to seven.—Y 8, at the printers'.

How many applicants there will be will not be made known, but the pity is that the public do not know who the philanthropic individual is, who will give a man in the prime of life eighteen shillings per week for seventy-two hours per week for doing the work of an horse, and whilst the cart is in the stall he must devote his leisure to joinery, cabinet maker, or perhaps designing some architectural work. Perhaps the advertiser could prevail upon some of the strike hands from the joiners to accept the vacancy, as it would be more recreative than receiving twenty-five shillings per week strike pay. I would respectfully suggest that you ask "Old Fogie" to ruralise on the matter, and give us his caustic opinion in your next number, as to my mind it is an insult to human nature such an advertisement.—Yours respectfully,

A READER OF THE "CITY JACKDAW."

Salford, September 5th, 1877.

Sir,—I read the article in last week's *Jackdaw*, and have carried it in my pocket ever since, to show or read to any Conservative I meet with who attended the *great* (save the mark) demonstration, on the liberality of the said leading demonstrators, and humbly suggest that it might be followed up by other articles on the same subject, say, for instance, the great Bazaar for the Children's Hospital. Not a leading Conservative took part in it—if I remember right, but I have mislaid the paper containing the report of the opening, or would have—the file at the *Guardian* office will tell you. Also the loyalty and liberality shown in the Albert monument, and who were the subscribers. Last week's article should be printed in letters of gold. See also, in to-day's paper, the munificence of a "Liberal" M.P.—Excuse my freedom in writing you in such haste, and believe me to be a hearty patron of your valuable paper.

A READER.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

The largest collection of all kinds of fine arts, reproductions of the finest oil paintings by great masters, which cannot be surpassed in cheapness; also great variety of engravings, chromos, etc.; at M. NEWMAN'S, 19, Fennel-street, close by the Cathedral. A visit is invited.—(Advrt.)

WORMALD'S PILLS are the BEST for all COMPLAINTS of the STOMACH, LIVER, and BOWELS.
Boxes, 184d. and 3s. 3d.

THE CITY JACKDAW

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

GREAT REDUCTION FROM £5. 10.
WHEELER & WILSON
 NO HOME IS COMPLETE WITHOUT ONE.
 UNEQUALLED FOR LIGHTNESS, SPEED,
 DURABILITY, AND CHEAPNESS.
 SEWING MACHINES.

CAUTION!—Beware of Worthless Imitations. Every Machine is Stamped with the Name.

ONLY OFFICE,—131, Market-street, 131,—Manchester.

THE PICTURE TRADE.

Largest, Cheapest, and Choicest Stock in the trade of

Oleographs Engravings Chromo Prints Oil Paintings Photographs
 Chromos Aquagraphs Cut Flowers Water-colour Drawings Picture Frames, etc.

At M. NEWMAN'S, 19, Fennel-st., close to the Cathedral.

T. STENSBY,

GUN AND PISTOL MAKER,

11, HANGING DITCH.

Established 1810.

Established 1810.

DRAUGHT EXCLUDER FOR BOTTOM OF DOORS.

Prices, with testimonials, on application.

SIDE VIEW DOOR OPEN



CAUTION.—If you would secure comfort at home in all weathers, be sure to apply none other than SLATER'S Patent Prize Medal DRAUGHT EXCLUDER, for bottom of doors, as shown at Cheetham Hill and Pomona Palace Exhibitions. Dust spoils and scratches furniture, oils, and tiles. This apparatus lifts 1/2 inch, clearing carpets or uneven floors, and shuts down quite weather tight; it is self-acting, durable, and cheap.

Can be applied to any door in a few minutes, and (important to tenants), can be removed as quickly, without injury to the door or framework.

SLATER & CO., 32, GREAVES-STREET, OLDHAM.

NEW WORK OF VITAL INTEREST.

Post-free six penny stamps, from J. WILLIAMS, No. 23, Marischal-street, Aberdeen.

A LONG AND HEALTHY LIFE,
 By Dr. BARNARD VAN OWEN.

Contents—

1. Medical advice to the invalid.
2. Approved prescriptions for various ailments.
3. Sleep—Nature's medicine.
4. Phosphorus as a remedy for melancholia, loss of nerve power, depression, and debility.
5. Salt baths and their efficacy in nervous ailments. How to obtain and use them.
6. The cocoa-lent as a preserver of health and strength.
7. On purity of the breath.
8. Hints on the teeth and gums.
9. How to choose a wife.
10. How to choose a husband. &c.

CHARLES KENWORTHY,
 18A, CORPORATION STREET.

CHOICE WINES AND ALES, &c.

IF your Spectacles are broken take them to the Maker, N. HARPER, 36, Clarendon-street, Oxford-street, Manchester.

BILLIARDS!—JOHN O'BRIEN, the only practical Billiard Table Manufacturer in Manchester, respectfully invites inspection of his stock of Billiard Tables, which is now the largest and most superb in the kingdom, all made under his own personal inspection. Sole Maker of the Improved Fast Cushion, that will never become hard.—Globe Billiard Works, 42, Lower King-street, Manchester.

A STARTLING ACCIDENT!—HILL'S WONDERFUL CLOVELINE DENTIFRICE ensures a charming set of teeth, white as ivory, however bad or discoloured. One trial will ensure its success. Price, 1s. 1/4d. per box. Post-free for 14 stamps, from the proprietor, Hill, 51, Church-road, Lower Broughton; or can be obtained from Messrs. Woolley, Market-street, Westmancott, Market-street, J. T. Chapman, Deansgate, N. Withnall, 78, Moss-lane west, Moss-side, and other chemists.

HAND'S CELEBRATED REMEDIES.

HAND'S ROYAL BLOOD MEDICINE, for the cure of ulcerated legs, ulcerated sores on the neck, old wounds, pimples, scurvy, blotches, postules, itch, glandular swellings, tumours, cancerous ulcers, king's evil, piles, ulcerated lungs and liver, consumption, gout, rheumatic gout, lumbago, gravel, nervous debility, and general weakness from whatever cause arising. Prepared only by WILLIAM HANDS, CHEMIST, CHELTENHAM, and sold in bottles, 1s. 6d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each, by respectable chemists and medicine vendors in the United Kingdom. Two large bottles generally cure the worst cases.—N.B. HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA presented Mr. Hands with a splendid engraving of her own portrait on November 4, 1875. Mr. Hands sends two 4s. 6d. bottles carriage paid to any address for 9s., one bottle 5s. Letters with stamp answered.

RUPTURES CURED WITHOUT TRUSSES.—Dr. THOMPSON'S remedy is the only known cure for these terrible complaints, and is applicable to every case of single or double rupture, however bad or long standing, in either sex, of any age effecting a perfect cure, in a short time, without confinement or pain. This wonderful discovery has cured thousands of cases, and it cannot fail to be appreciated as a blessing by all who have ever worn trusses, bandages, or other galling supports. Sent free by post, with full directions for use, on receipt of postage stamps or post-office order for 10s., payable at the General Post-office to Ralph Thompson, 55, Bartholomew-road, Kentish Town, London.—Extracts from testimonials: "I find myself completely cured, and have tried every means to prove the cure by lifting and running, which, I am happy to say, I can do without pain or using any truss. F. W."—"Your remedy has cured my rupture, and I have used violent exertion since, without any sign of its reappearance. Miss S."—"A fair time has elapsed since I used your remedy; moreover, I have been examined by our surgeon, who declares I am quite cured. J. P."—"My rupture being 28 years old, I never expected so perfect a cure. E. L."—"I now write to tell you my daughter is perfectly cured by your remedy. Mrs. H."—Consultations daily, from 10 till 12, Sunday excepted. Fee, one guinea.

JOHN ASHWORTH & CO.,

Wholesale Jewellers, Clock and Watch Manufacturers, and Importers.

NEW PREMISES CORNER OF HIGH-STREET AND THOMAS-STREET, SHUDEHILL.

Dining and Drawing Room Clocks and Bronzes, &c.; Electro-plated Tea and Coffee Services, Cruets, Forks, Spoons, &c.; Gold and Silver Watches; 9, 15, and 18-carat Hall-marked Alberts; and a General Stock to suit the requirements of the Trade.

JOHN ASHWORTH & CO., THOMAS-STREET AND HIGH-STREET, MANCHESTER.

BUSHBY'S NEUROTONIC, For Tic-Doloureux, Neuralgic Pains, and Toothache.

Bottles, 18d. and 2s. 9d., of most Chemists.

THE CITY JACKDAW.

Railway Announcements.

LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.

NOTICE.

The EXCURSION TRAINS advertised to Run from Manchester, Miles Platting, Middleton, Middleton Junction, and Oldham to

SMITHY BRIDGE, HOLLINGWORTH LAKE,

Daily, WILL NOT BE RUN after Saturday, September 1st, 1877.

WM. THORLEY, Chief Traffic Manager.
Manchester, August, 1877.

MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, AND LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAY.

DONCASTER RACES.

By the Nearest and most Expeditious Route.

On Wednesday and Friday, September 12th and 14th,

THE ST. LEGER AND CUP DAYS.

EXCURSION TRAINS TO

DONCASTER

Will Run as follows:—

Manchester (London Road), departure 7-55 a.m.; Oldham (Clay Street), 7-35 a.m.; Ashton (Oldham Road), 7-45 a.m.; Stalybridge, 7-45 a.m.; Ashton (Park Parade), 7-50 a.m.; Guide Bridge, 8-10 a.m.; Newton, 8-17 a.m.; Mottram, 8-27 a.m.; Dinting, 8-33 a.m.; Glossop, 8-45 a.m. Returning from Doncaster (St. James's Bridge Siding) at 6-55 p.m. each day.

In addition to the above, a SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAIN, conveying First and Second Class Passengers only, will leave Manchester (London Road Station) at 9-40 a.m., on Tuesday, 11th, Wednesday, 12th, and Friday, 14th September, arriving at Doncaster about 11-40 a.m., and returning from Doncaster (Station Platform) at 6-55 p.m. each day, arriving at Manchester about 7-35 p.m. This Express will convey Third Class Passengers on Tuesday, 11th September.

R. G. UNDERDOWNS, General Manager.
London Road Station, Manchester, August, 1877.

LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.

DONCASTER RACES.

On TUESDAY, September 11th,

THE HANDICAP DAY,

WEDNESDAY, September 12th, THE

ST. LEGER DAY,

And FRIDAY, September 14th,

THE CUP DAY,

EXCURSION TRAINS will be Run to DONCASTER and back.

See Bills for Particulars.

WM. THORLEY, Chief Traffic Manager.
Manchester, August, 1877.

VIOLINS: TENORS, VIOLONCELLOS, and DOUBLE BASSES, by CRAMER. The entire Stock of this great Maker's Instruments is on Sale at

MR. EDWARD CROMPTON'S,
54, BARTON ARCADE, MANCHESTER.

Some of these have been made 50 years, and are equal to anything in the world. Also a large collection of ITALIAN INSTRUMENTS. Can be had on approval, or purchased by Monthly Instalments.

N.B.—TESTIMONIAL FROM WILLIAMS.

ARTHUR H. BURGESS, GENERAL PRINTER

BY STEAM POWER,

38, CANNON-STREET.

SUMMER WINES—RED.

CLARET—VIN ORDINAIRE	12s.
Do. Finer Dinner Wine...	16s.
BURGUNDY	16s.
HERMITAGE	20s.
CARLOWITZ (Hungarian)	22s.
OPNER Do.	22s.
ERLAUER Do.	24s.
VOSLAUER (Austrian)	22s.

SUMMER WINES—WHITE.

SAUTERNE	18s.
VIN DE GRAVE	18s.
MOSELLE	22s.
HOCK	22s.
CHABLIS	24s.
CHATEAU GRILLETT	26s.
RUSTER (Hungarian)	26s.
ODENBURGER DO.	26s.

These will be found very pleasant, refreshing DINNER WINES for the warm weather.

PRICE LISTS FREE BY POST.

JAMES SMITH & COMPANY, WINE MERCHANTS, 26, MARKET-STREET, MANCHESTER.

Liverpool: 9, Lord-street.
Birmingham: 28, High-street.



J. L. HARDISTY, PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER, CATHEDRAL YARD.

Silver (English) Levers... from 44.
Gold (English) Levers... from 48.
Geneva Watches in great variety from 41.
Gold Albert Chains..... from 8s.

WATCH REPAIRS IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Health, Comfort, Economy.

"EXCELSIOR" PATENT SPRING MATTRESS

Is remarkably comfortable, perfectly healthy, light, durable, and cheap. Made on a wood frame to fit existing beds.

IRON BEDS complete with Mattress, CAMP BEDS with Folding Legs

(for occasional use),

For Hotels, Boarding Houses, Schools, Hospitals, &c.

FROM CABINET MAKERS AND FURNISHERS.

WHOLESALE,

CHORLTON & DUGDALE, 76, HIGHER ORMOND-STREET, MANCHESTER.

CIRCULARS ON APPLICATION.

WILLIAM GARDNER, MANUFACTURER OF

Patent Leber and other Watches.

Silver Levers at 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, and 30 each.
In Gold from 30 upwards.

An assortment of Gold Alberts and Chains.

CORNER OF DEANSGATE AND ST. MARY'S GATE, MANCHESTER.



TRADE

TRY IT! IT NEVER FAILS!

MUDDIMAN'S CELEBRATED SPANISH WASH, for renewing, cleansing, thickening, and preventing the hair from falling off or turning grey, is a sure and never-failing remedy, instantly removing all scurf and dandruff, leaving the skin pure and healthy. In bottles, 2s. 6d. and 5s. each. May be obtained of G. F. Kent, chemist, 134, Broad-street, Fendleton; or any chemist or hairdresser. Wholesale London Agents—Messrs. Low, Son, and Haydon, 330, Strand; or of the manufacturer, Leighton Buzzard, Beds.

Nobel, Modern, Refreshing.

NEW MUSIC HALL

44, Chapel-street, Salford,

(NEAR BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE).

EXTRAORDINARY ENGAGEMENTS.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS! OYSTERS!
VICTORIA HOTEL LUNCHEON and DINING SALOON. Royal Whitstable Natives: a fresh supply daily. Bass and Co.'s Ale, 2d. per glass; Reid's Imperial Stout, 2d. per glass.

Printed and Published by the Proprietor, ROBERT BOWEN DODDS, of Norman Grove, North Road, Longsight, at his Printing Office, Market-street Chambers, 73a, Market-street Manchester.—Friday, September 8, 1877.
Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.



HUSBAND'S PATENT HATS

CLAIM PREFERENCE OVER EVERY OTHER.

They are the only HATS which are REALLY VENTILATED.

Manufactory:

11, Oldham-street.

BAYNES, successor to HUSBAND.

WALKERS FURL